

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. V.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1839.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## HOME EDUCATION.\*

THE most busy and internally occupied citizen must have occasionally observed the swallow trying to tempt its young to take wing, and quit the nest : and the most careless reader must have remarked that even amongst the rudest tribes—those of Australia, for instance—the youth are trained in those manual exercises which are considered essential to the hunter or the warrior. The lower animals and the savage tribes thus act practically on the principle, that education is the preparation of youth for the business of after life ; and, in so doing, they show the vast difference between themselves and civilized man. For knowing nothing but the present existence, and nothing of how to improve it, they teach that which they have been taught, and hand down from parent to offspring unaltered and immemorial usages. The lower animals are perfect, each after its kind ; the swallow taught its young to fly in the days of Adam precisely as it will teach them in the last age of the world. Savage tribes also have no idea of improvement ; it must come to them from without ; and, until it comes, that which the father practised is all that it is considered essential for the children to learn.

But civilized man has a far more glorious prerogative. His whole natural life should be one of acquisition and improvement—he is intended to be a school-boy from the cradle to the grave. The education of youth in civilized communities should be but a preparation for a preparation—an education for an education. We should be trained not merely for the generation in which we live, but for the generations that shall follow—educated not merely for our existence as mortal men, but for our existence as immortal intelligent creatures. And when this principle shall thoroughly expand our narrower systems and practices of teaching, a power, not differing in kind, but differing in degree, from that by which we have hitherto advanced, will carry us forward as on a moral rail-road ;—comprehensive education is the lever for lifting the character and condition of man.

How objectionable then is such a phrase as a *finished* education ! Finished, in what manner, and for what ? Are we taught to read, and write, and cipher, and to exercise a handicraft, just as the savage has been taught to make a canoe, and set a snare, and throw a spear ! Has a certain amount of facts and words been crammed into our minds, to be used in after life as inclination or ability may prompt, or circumstances may require ! Have our minds been set into certain shapes or moulds—our ideas *stereotyped*, as the printers would say, so that, though fresh impressions may be taken from them, they cannot be detached without violence or force ! Can we twirl a globe, and tell off glibly the longitude and latitude of Petersburg, or Canton, or Washington ! Do we know by heart the years of the birth and death of Alexander the Great, or Mary, Queen of Scots, or Alfred, or Justinian, or Charles the Twelfth ! Can we describe the construction of the steam-engine, or point out the difference between an acid and an alkali ! Have we picked the bones of Greek and Latin ! Alas ! our education may be both *finished* and *perfect*—

finished in the sense of completion, and perfect as to what is considered its extent—and yet we may remain practically ignorant and uneducated, as far as the great uses and objects of education are concerned.

This idea of a finished or completed education, is one of the greatest obstructions of our social advancement. It is a portion of the fence which hems in the mind of the savage, and shuts him out from improvement. It leads to a certain amount of information being considered as the entire of education, and to its being hastily squeezed into the mind ; whereas genuine education has but little sympathy with mere *quantity* of knowledge. It causes a large portion of that furious struggle and perpetual collision which is ever going on in the world of opinion : for,—borne on the tide of new discovery, alteration, and improvement, —fixed system comes in contact with fixed system, and the jar and shatter of the conflict prevent us from listening to the simple accents of truth. Instead of converting the mind of youth into a spacious picture-gallery, lighted from above, with ample space for acquisition while the fabric endures, it turns it into a warehouse, where knowledge is classed, and ticketed, and shelved, but where nothing is received that is out of the line. On such a subject it is pleasing to have the opinion of such a mind as the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." In his recent work, "HOME EDUCATION," he says : "A teacher of philosophical temper, who is aware, not merely of his own party bias, (with which he is careful not to infect his pupil,) but of the general fact that the mind, as it advances, becomes unconsciously subject to certain fallacious modes of reasoning, will not disdain, while assuming to guide the minds committed to his care, to watch and wait for their uncontrolled workings, when the requisite materials of thought are placed before them. . . . The pellucid ingenuousness of young persons, who (unless miserably infected by sectarian sentiments) have no predilections, should be attentively listened to, and delicately treated. A mind may be injured beyond remedy, which is roughly dealt with, or acrimoniously rebuked, in any instance of its not immediately falling in with a teacher's opinions. To the young mind, the broad fields of thought are, as yet, all unfenced ; nor has it learned to notice enclosures, or to respect rights of way, or manorial prerogatives—earth is as open as air and sky. . . . If there be room to hope that mankind will, in a coming age, reach a more advanced position on the road of genuine wisdom than has yet been attained, so desirable an event is likely to be favoured by a greater care, on the part of teachers, in managing the first spontaneous expansion of the reasoning faculty. Too often the worst prejudices are authoritatively forced upon the young, which the feeble-minded retain through life as shackles, but which the strong resentfully throw off, to the peril of all faith and practice."

A remedy prompt and general for such an evil we cannot expect. But it may be modified considerably : and to Home Education we must look as the source of the modifying influences. Home Education, indeed, conducted on the principles laid down in this book, requires a rare combination of moral and intellectual endowments, and physical circumstances. The parents who undertake such a task must themselves have received the benefit

\* HOME EDUCATION. By the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm." London: Jackson and Walford. 1838.

of a sound moral and intellectual training; they must be thoughtful, considerate, and intelligent; have their own infirmities of temper and conduct under control; be able to govern their families in the spirit of love, and enjoy life so easily as to make education one of its practical businesses. It supposes, if possible, a country-house, or at least one removed from the bustle of a city, and where the youths can be under a superintendence which never interferes with their sports, nor stints them in the free expression of a joyous or even a boisterous hilarity. It supposes that, amid all the freedom and apparent laxity of a home, there is an unseen parental firmness, ever turning all things to the grand purpose of forming, enlarging, and elevating the minds under its care. How seldom do all these conditions combine in one household—how happy and blessed is the household where they do!

But a consideration of "Home Education" will not be without its use, even if we should find that it is adapted only for a minority of families, and that in only a minority of that minority can it be carried out to its legitimate extent. "I ought to premise," says our able author, "that the phrase, HOME EDUCATION, is not, in my view, to be strictly confined to the training of the children of a single family, under the paternal roof; but may embrace any instances in which the number assembled for instruction is not greater than may well consist with the enjoyments, the intimacy, the usages, and the harmony, that ought to attach to a family. Understanding the term in this extended sense, I entertain the hope that, while professing to write for parents, I may render some aid to teachers also, having the charge of a limited number; for it is only reasonable to suppose that, as well the general principles of intellectual culture, as the specific methods of instruction which are applicable to the eight or ten children of a family, may be brought to bear, with perhaps a little modification, upon the twelve, or fifteen, or even twenty, who may be gathered from several families."

He carefully guards us from supposing, that he means to exalt Home over School Education, as a means of general instruction. In the opening of his book, he says—"I am not about to compare public and private education, as if intending to disparage the one, that the other, which is my chosen subject, may appear to the greater advantage. No question can reasonably be entertained as to the great benefits that attach to school discipline, whether effected on a larger or a smaller scale; nor is it to be supposed, whatever may be said of female education, that that of boys could, in the majority of instances, be well conducted beneath the paternal roof."

It is, however, of vast importance to our future welfare, as a nation, that there should be even a small minority of minds amongst our population, trained up in the broad and liberal manner laid down in this book. To thoughtful-minded parents we must therefore look—and hence the great importance, the great value, of Home Education. "The school-bred man is of one sort—the home-bred man is of another; and the community has need of both: nor could any measures be much more to be deprecated, nor any tyranny of fashion more to be resisted, than such as should render a public education, from first to last, compulsory and universal. It is found, in fact, that a quiet, firm individuality, a self-originating steadiness of purpose, a thoughtful intensity of sentiment, and a passive power, such as stems the tide of fashion and frivolous opinion, belong, as their ordinary characteristics, to home-bred men; and especially to such of this class as are mainly self-taught. Now we affirm, that whatever may sometimes be the rigidity or the uncompliant sternness of persons of this stamp, yet that a serious, and perhaps a fatal

damage would be sustained by the community, if it were entirely deprived of the moral and political element which they bring into the mass. As the moral machinery must come to a stand if all possessed so fixed an individuality, as to think and act without regard to the general bent of opinion; so would it acquire too much momentum, if none were distinguished by habits of feeling springing altogether from within. In this view, a systematic HOME EDUCATION fairly claims no trivial importance, as a means of sending forth, among the school-bred majority, those with whose habits of mind there is mingled a firm and modest sentiment of self-respect—not cynical, but yet unconquerable, resting, as it will, upon the steady basis of personal wisdom and virtue. It is men of this stamp who will be the true conservators of their country's freedom."

Having thus set forth the advantages of Home Education, and provided us with, in his own words, an "IDEAL HOME," where it can be carried on to its fullest extent, our author then expounds his system, of which the following is the keystone:—"The doctrine so much talked of, of late, and so eagerly followed by many, is that of DEVELOPMENT; and the question put on all sides is, 'What are the readiest and the surest means of expanding the faculties at an early age?' But the very contrary doctrine is the one professed and explained throughout this work: for I am bold to avow my adherence to the principle of repression and reserve, in the culture of the mind; and it is this principle which I would fain convince the reader may be put in practice consistently with the conveyance of really more information, or of information more comprehensive and substantial, than is usually communicated at school."

The first step in this system of education is to allow free scope for the natural felicity of childhood. "Particular instances of ill health, ill treatment, or ill temper excepted, children are as happy as the day is long, although grimed and grovelling about the gutters and lanes of London or Manchester; much more certainly are they happy, tattered, dirty, and ruddy, at the door of a hut on a common or road-side; they are happy, more than might be believed, in the cellar or the garret of the artisan, or in a jail, or even in a poor-house." This happiness we are not to spoil by our interference—all we have to do is to let it expand of its own accord, and to remove whatever might obstruct its development. "The happiness of children is not a thing to be procured and prepared for them, like their daily food; but a something which they ALREADY POSSESS, and with which we need not concern ourselves, any further than to see they are not despoiled of it. This simple principle, if understood, trusted to, and constantly brought to bear upon the arrangements of a family, would at once relieve the minds of parents from an infinitude of superfluous cares."

The influence of a "gaily happy childhood" upon the future moral and intellectual character, is strongly insisted upon by our author. On this subject volumes have been, and volumes may be, written—for we are yet far from appreciating rightly the power which the remembrances of childhood, carried into manhood, exert upon the body, feelings, and mind. Wordsworth has condensed a volume into a few well-known but immortal lines:—

"My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety."

We are all acquainted with that amusing instance of the sub-

division of labour—the manufacture of dolls' eyes. "On my first journey to London," said Mr. Ostler, a Birmingham manufacturer, when before a committee of the House of Commons, "a respectable-looking man in the City asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half-offended. I thought it derogatory to my new dignity, as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a very large room, and we had just space to walk between stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to the Tavistock Hotel, I found that the order amounted to upwards of five hundred pounds."

This little story may be made to serve a far higher purpose, than merely to stand as an illustration in political and social economy. Why do children delight in toys? What is the source of that extraordinary demand, by which infants and children give the means of employment and wealth to men and women? Is it simply because the little girl is a little girl, that she finds such delight in dressing, nursing, and putting her doll to sleep? And is it simply because the boy is a boy, that he girds on his mimic sash and sword, blows his trumpet, and beats his drum? The question is answered by the author of "Home Education." "Too little attention has," he says, "been given to the broad fact, that a child's mental existence is constituted almost entirely of the workings of the conceptive faculty. The human mind, in its first period, may be said to be all IDEALITY: for it is exclusively so during the half of its time, or more, which is passed in sleep; chiefly so whenever no vivid impressions are made upon the senses; and so, to a great extent, while left to find its own sparkling felicity among its toys and gimeracks. . . . If we go on to the time when the notion of property has just got a lodgment in the mind, we may meet with a pertinent instance of the vivacity of the conceptive power, when the little stickler for its rights finds its own horse or doll in its brother's or sister's hand, and then, running to find brother's or sister's horse or doll, eagerly discusses the question of *meum* and *tuum*; and, notwithstanding the close resemblance of the two subjects of debate, fixes its grasp upon the real and genuine *meum*. That is to say, this same lisping assertor of its rights has in its brain a picture of its plaything so exact and particular, that it serves at any time as a *tally*, by means of which it may recover the archetype. Yet this same mental miniature of the hobby, or the rose-lipped darling, does not merely come back, when recalled by the presence of the original, but it floats before the internal eye, called for, and uncalled, waking and sleeping: of which further fact, with all its endless consequences, we have evidence enough; as, for instance, when to the little girl, lost in reverie, we suddenly put the question,—"What are you thinking about?" "About dolly." "About dolly!—which dolly?" "Oh, my best dolly, that moves her eyes!" Sometimes, indeed, dolly's own dear name is heard muttered in sleep; when, as we need not doubt, the fair image is vividly present to the fancy. Nor is this all; for while the doating little mama has her 'own dolly' on her lap, or is dressing and undressing it, or is taking it abroad, or preparing its breakfast, and despatching it to school, the conceptive faculty is working in another and a copious manner, and so as to involve all sorts of consequences to the future character. Dolly is the heroine of a drama, vividly acted in the soul's little theatre. Hence, that is to

say, from the richness and vivacity of the conceptive faculty, comes all, or nearly all, the never-failing delight of which toys are the occasion."

We shall follow out this subject in subsequent articles; meantime we recommend "HOME EDUCATION" to all thoughtful and intelligent parents and teachers.

## THE VOW.

A NORTHERN TALE.

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that only the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory. Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his own warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armour. The ponderous mass gave way, and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral-pile, in honour of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from the charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!" Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him,—but fortune was still against him; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band; and all that remained of the great and noble collected round him, and spoke thus:—"Thou art our ruin! for thou hast counselled this war." Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him; "Thou art our ruin! for thou hast counselled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom and implored the mighty god of thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from heaven; and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call. In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me—wife and child I offer thee, thou God of Armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife,—my only heart-loved child,—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard: with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee; but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when, fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered around the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted as with one voice, "The gods are with us!" With invincible courage, forward rushed the host;—the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and, in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and with outstretched arms, greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, and every shout of a blooming child, pierced, as with a



poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Simelde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand; while the little one always leapt and cried, "Father, father! beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretexts, sprang from his horse, closed the gates with thundering sound, secured them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Simelde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the gods," replied Adalbero; "and then I shall relate everything to you. Come to me soon, to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Simelde; and the little one cried out, clapping her hands, "I also will help; I also will be there!" and skipped away with her mother.

These words, "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming-pan and taper, used in sacrifices.

Then it passed through his mind, that his vow could not be valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given, in dreadful peals of thunder down from heaven.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Simelde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah, hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—shall human blood!"

Adalbero covered his eyes with both his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one terrified shrunk together.

Simelde knew well of such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreating to her lord, and said, "Remove the child!"

"Both, both!—I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Simelde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick, child! and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee, and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see presently," said Simelde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could restrain no longer her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow-white bosom, and kneeling before the sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer; "else will the poor child be so terrified!"

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head, from whence the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me?"

The sweet voice awakened both parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and, with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains, roared the tempest, where many years afterwards Saint Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith

*From the German of Frederick de la Motte Fouqué.*

## PARKER'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN THE "FAR WEST."

THE "Far West" is a somewhat indefinite term, applied to that vast extent of territory which extends from the western boundaries of the United States to the Rocky Mountains; and even beyond them, to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The "Oregon Territory" is its proper and definite appellation; at least, of what is known as the North-West Territory. That large portion of it which lies west of the Mississippi, to the foot of the mountain range, and which is drained by the Missouri and its numerous tributaries, is an extensive level or rolling meadow-country, to which the French word "prairie" (meadow) has been applied; its prairies presenting a rich undulating extent of surface, with but few prominent landmarks, to catch the eye of the traveller. The country on the other side of the mountains, towards the Pacific, has a different aspect. "Towering mountains, and wide-extended prairies; rich valleys, and barren plains; and large rivers with their rapids, cataracts, and falls, present a great diversity of prospect."

The "Far West" is becoming the repository of the last and lingering remains of the aborigines of central North America—the last standing-ground of the red Indian, the shaggy bison, and the grisly bear. The government of the United States are sending or driving the various Indian tribes on their southern and western frontiers into the "Far West," on the principle avowed in President Van Buren's recently published message to Congress—"that a mixed occupancy of the same territory, by the white and red man, is incompatible with the safety or happiness of either, is a position, in respect to which there has long since ceased to be room for a difference of opinion. Reason and experience have alike demonstrated its impracticability." The same document, which must have recently come under the eye of all our readers, contains a detail of the transactions between the American government and the Indian tribes. "I can speak," says the President, "from direct knowledge; and I feel no difficulty in affirming that the interest of the Indians in the extensive territory embraced by them, is to be paid for at its fair value, and that no more favourable terms have been granted to the United States than would have been reasonably expected in a negotiation with civilised men, fully capable of appreciating and protecting their own rights. For the Indian title to 116,349,897 acres, acquired since the 4th of March, 1829, the United States have paid 72,510,656 dollars, in permanent annuities, lands, reservations for Indians, expenses for removal and subsistence, merchandise, mechanical and agricultural establishments, and implements. When the heavy expenses incurred by the United States, and the circumstance that so large a portion of the entire territory will be for ever unsaleable, are considered, and this price is compared with that for which the United States sell their own lands, no one can doubt that justice has been done to the Indians in these purchases also."

Besides defending the American government from the charges of cruelty and oppression, which had been brought against it, the President speaks in the following pleasing, though rather general terms, respecting the emigrants:—

"The condition of the tribes which occupy the country set apart for them in the west is highly prosperous, and encourages the hope of their early civilisation. They have, for the most part, abandoned the hunter state, and turned their attention to agricultural pursuits. All those who have been established for any length of time in that fertile region, maintain themselves by their own industry. There are among them traders of no inconsiderable capital, and planters exporting cotton to some extent; but the greater number are small agriculturists, living in comfort upon the produce of their farms. The recent emigrants, although they have in some instances removed reluctantly, have readily acquiesced in their unavoidable destiny. They have found at once a recompense for past sufferings, and an incentive to industrious habits, in the abundance and comforts around them. There is reason to believe that all these tribes are friendly in their feelings towards the United States; and it is to be hoped that the acquisition of individual wealth, the pursuits of agriculture, and habits of industry, will gradually subdue their warlike propensities, and incline them to maintain peace among themselves. To effect this desirable object, the attention of Congress is solicited to the measures recommended by the Secretary of War for the future government and protection, as well from each other as from the hostility of the warlike tribes around them, and the intrusions of the whites. The policy of the

government has given them a permanent home, and guaranteed to them its peaceful and undisturbed possession. It only remains to give them a government, and laws which will encourage industry, and secure to them the rewards of their exertions. The importance of some form of government cannot be too much insisted upon. The earliest effects will be to diminish the causes and occasions for hostilities among the tribes, to inspire an interest in the observance of laws to which they will have themselves assented, and to multiply the securities of property, and the motives of self-improvement. Intimately connected with this subject is the establishment of the military defences recommended by the Secretary of War, which have been already referred to. Without them the government will be powerless to redeem its pledges of protection to the emigrating Indians against the numerous warlike tribes that surround them, and to provide for the safety of the frontier settlers of the bordering states."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, being desirous of obtaining accurate information respecting the moral and physical characteristics of the "Far West," despatched an exploring party, the principals being the Rev. Samuel Parker, and Dr. Whitman, to examine and report from personal inspection. This was undertaken in the years 1835-37, and Mr. Parker has now published the results of his tour, in a volume which appeared in 1838.

Mr. Parker is evidently a very honest and a very religious man. So sternly attached is he to the truth, that he would tear in pieces the finest description of Washington Irving, if he thought it was not rigidly exact. Indeed, though he is not a controversialist, he hits Irving's "Tour on the Prairies" very hard; and Ross Cox does not escape without a passing blow. "The license," he says, speaking of his own work; "given to poets and writers of romance, cannot be tolerated here; and no flights of a lively imagination, or graphic powers in relating passing occurrences, can atone for impressions which are not in accordance with truth." We shall, therefore, take Mr. Parker exactly as we find him; and in giving our readers the accompanying abstract of his journey, beg them to recollect, that they are following the track of one who seems to us, from an inspection of his book, to be a scrupulous, intelligent, and candid writer, though his intelligence is somewhat narrowed by peculiar views, and even his exactness tinged by a generous sympathy with the Indians.

Mr. Parker's principal instructions were to collect all the information in his power relative to the climate and productions of the country; but especially in respect of the numbers, manners, and customs of the Native Indians, with the view of ascertaining how far and to what extent missionary enterprise might be diffused amongst them. He was absent upwards of two years, having journeyed 28,000 miles in his tour from the State of New York to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and visiting the Sandwich Islands on his homeward voyage. Wherever he went he found good opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the ground he passed over, in which he was much assisted by the kindness of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company; and discovered ample room for the labours of the Christian missionary. In the course of the work he observes:—"It seems apparent to any observing Christian, that the present is the favourable time for the introduction of the gospel and civilisation among the natives of this wide interior. Soon the cupidity and avarice of men will make the same aggressions here as on the east, and the deadly influence of frontier vices will interpose a barrier to the religion which they now are so anxious to embrace and practise. Every circumstance combines to point out the time when this work should begin, and not the least is that which has enlisted these Indians in favour of white men, and made them feel their condition, in all respects, for this world as well as the coming one, is better than their own."

On the 14th of March, 1835, Mr. Parker proceeded from Ithaca, New York, by Geneva and Buffalo, to Erie, Pennsylvania. Next, to Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of America, situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, 960 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, where he arrived on the 25th. Then to Cincinnati, 455 miles, by the steamer, gently down the Ohio, calling at Wheling, a considerable manufacturing town. Marietta, 76 miles below Wheling, a little above the confluence of the Muskingum, is one of the earliest-settled towns in the state. On the 27th, he stopped at Maysville, Kentucky, and on the following day arrived at Cincinnati. This is a large city for a new country, its settlement being so late as 1789. Commerce and manufactures are carried on to a large extent, and religion and morals are well sustained by the character of its institutions.

The route was now for St. Louis, by water 690 miles from Cincinnati; on the 30th, Mr. Parker passed Louisville, a flourishing city near the falls of the Ohio; it being high water, they were passed over without accident. Leaving the romantic and beautiful scenery of that noble river, they entered the Mississippi, where the two streams spread out in the form of a narrow sea, and flow on in united grandeur. On the 4th of April, he arrived at St. Louis, a stirring place of business on the west side of the Mississippi, 200 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, and 20 below the mouth of the Missouri, in lat. 38° 36' N. and long. 89° 36' W. It is the central western depot of the American Fur Company. Adventurers of almost every description of character and nation come here, such as trappers, hunters, miners, and emigrants, as to a starting-point, to go into the still far west, many of whom seek a miserable fortune in the Rocky Mountains. It has 15,000 inhabitants, and its locality for trade is one of the finest in the valley of the Mississippi. The author was here joined by Dr. Whitman, who was appointed to be his associate.

The American Fur Company have about 300 persons employed about the Rocky Mountains, and annually at this time despatch a caravan of sixty persons to convey their necessary articles of food, clothing, &c.; and in return bring back the produce of the year. The travellers made arrangements to proceed with the caravan, which starts from Liberty, one of the most western towns in the United States, whither they went by steam up the Missouri, by slow stages by St. Charles, Jefferson, Boonsville, Franklin, Lexington, &c. At Liberty commences the long journey for the west—where horses and men are mustered. Here much may be learned of the Rocky Mountains; and from several intelligent friends, the travellers had very encouraging accounts of the likely success of missions among the various tribes of Indians scattered over the widely-extended country of the "far west."

On the 15th of May, they commenced their journey for Council Bluffs, directing their course N.W., and, for the last time for a long period to come, lodged in the house of a civilised family. On the morrow they entered upon the Indian country, and encamped on a prairie beyond the limits of civilisation, amidst anxieties and sensations peculiarly exciting.

The caravan proceeded slowly, and having crossed the east or Little Platte, the Nodaway, and Neshnabotana rivers, journeying over some rich country, and meeting some of Ioway, Sioux, and Fox tribes, passed down from the high rolling prairie through the widely extended valley of the Missouri, towards Council Bluffs, amidst scenery at once beautiful and interesting. The extraordinary mounds which are to be seen here, which some have called the work of unknown generations of men, are scattered in every variety of form and magnitude—some conical, some elliptical, some square, and some parallelograms. If they were isolated, who would not say they are artificial! But there are ten thousand such. The mind seeks in vain for some clue to assist it in unravelling the mystery.

They continued at Council Bluffs three weeks. At the agency-house of the company, they met several missionaries of the Pawnees belonging to the American Board, and three of the Baptist mission sent to labour among the Otoes. While waiting the movement of the caravan, they made short excursions over the surrounding country, gleaning intelligence as they went. The Papillon unites with the Missouri from the east, and the Platte six miles above from the west, flowing through a rich alluvial plain opening to the south and south-west, as far as the eye can reach, where may be seen hundreds of horses, mules, and herds of cattle. The north is covered with woods. Few places can present a prospect more interesting, and when a civilised population shall add the fruits of their industry, but few places can be more desirable. In respect to efforts for the religious instruction of the Indians, the author is convinced that the first impression the missionary makes upon them is most important. If from any motives, or from any cause, instruction is delayed and their expectations are disappointed, they relapse into their native apathy, from which it is difficult to arouse them. The Indians of this part of the Sioux country, are the Omahas upon the Missouri, about 2000; the Yanktons, about 2000, on the Vermilion river, where it unites with the Missouri from the north; the Ponca Indians on the south side, 800; then there are the Santas Yanktons, Tetons Ogallalals, Siones, and the Hankpapes. The aggregate numbers of these tribes may be 40 to 60,000. The Mandans are a more stationary tribe than the others, and hold out good opportunities for missionary exertion.

Journeying west, the Black Hills is the next principal stopping-

place. They encountered a severe storm, and crossed the Papillon river with difficulty; reaching the Elkhorn, and after travelling ten miles up its banks, encamped for the night. On the following day they met two American traders with a small caravan returning to the States, when mutual exchanges of friendship passed between them. They had now the land of the Otoes on the east, and the Pawnees' on the west, a most luxuriant and inviting country; the latitude high enough to be healthy, and holding out every inducement to cultivation. Grass grows of many species, and numerous and beautiful flowering plants, especially the rose, which is found of almost every hue. Shall solitude reign there till the end of time! or at some future period shall the din of business be heard, and the sound of the church-going bell! It is plain that the Indians, under their present circumstances, will never multiply and fill this land. To effect this, they must be brought under the influence of civilisation and Christianity.

They proceeded over the rolling prairie to the Loups fork of the Platte, passed the village of the Tapage and Republican Pawnee Indians. Big Ax, the chief, received them with great kindness, and as they were starting on their summer hunt in the same track, the tribe accompanied the caravan for some days. The travellers having as yet no interpreter, were unable to avail themselves of many opportunities of ascertaining correctly the ideas of these Indians on religious subjects. Their provision, which had hitherto been but bacon and boiled corn, being now reduced to corn only, the appearance of buffalo (properly bison) spread cheerfulness among them, and for some time they had an abundant supply of excellent meat. Proceeding up the north fork of the Platte, the change of vegetation, the appearance of different birds, &c., indicate a higher region of country. Rocks begin to appear, yet they are far from the Rocky Mountains. Buffaloes, antelopes, elks, &c. now abound in great numbers. Though Mr. Parker does not describe a buffalo chase with the zeal of Washington Irving, he nevertheless has a peril to record. Seeing the men chasing and shooting, he was roused: "I do not," he says, "feel authorised to sport with animal life, but I thought it not improper to try my horse in the chase. He ran very swiftly, was not at all afraid, and would have run into the midst of them, had I not held him in check. He appeared to enjoy the sport. I shot one through the shoulders, which had received a wound, which must have been fatal." Mr. Parker ignorantly incurred some danger: for he dismounted to take aim, and had the wounded beast risen and rushed upon him, he could not have mounted in time to escape.

On the 25th, they fell in with a large party of friendly Ogallalaha, and went with them to their main village, consisting of more than 2000 persons. These villages are not stationary, but move from place to place. They were now going to the Black Hills for the purpose of trading. On Sunday, 26th, they encamped near Larama's fork in the Black Hills, and spent the day in reading and devotion. On this as on former occasions, the author laments his inability to converse with the Indians, especially as their general intelligence and keen observation warranted an opinion that they were desirous of information. The minds of these Indians are above the ordinary stamp, and the forms of their persons are fine; many of them are "nature's grenadiers." The women also are well formed; their voices soft and expressive, and their movements graceful. It was agreeably surprising to see tall young chiefs, well dressed in their mode, leading by the arm their ladies; in decency and politeness they differ from those on the frontiers who have had intercourse with bad white men, and who have had access to whiskey. On the 30th, they met in council with the chiefs, when the object of the tour was laid before them. They expressed much satisfaction with the proposal, and said they would do all they could to make missionaries comfortable. There can be no doubt that the community of the Sioux would be a profitable field for labourers. Arrived at the Fort of the Black Hills.

Aug. 1.—The next point is across the Rocky Mountains, where the general rendezvous is held. The waggon were now abandoned, and their stores packed upon mules. The geology of those regions now becomes more interesting;—herbage is scanty, and the mineral kingdom discloses many of its varieties—granite, anthracite coal, iron ore, semi-transparent green serpentine, fine yellow sandstone, are to be found, besides the appearance of volcanic eruption. The strong and ferocious grisly bear, the terror of travellers, and a match for the most powerful buffalo, is here an inhabitant. Passing over to the Sweet Water, a branch of the Platte, on the 6th, they encamp near Rock Independence, the beginning of that stupendous chain of mountains which divides North America. A valley not

many years discovered, of from five to twenty miles wide, and eighty miles long, renders the journey through these mountains comparatively easy. Cold winds from the snow-topped hills denote the change of the atmosphere. The mountains are indeed *rocky mountains*. They are rocks heaped upon rocks, with no vegetation excepting a few cedars growing out of the crevices near their base. Their tops are covered with perpetual snow, the highest being 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. Here the author observes, from the levelness of this valley, that there would be no difficulty of constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and probably the time may not be far distant when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to the Niagara falls!

Emerging from the mountains, having passed Big Sandy river, they came to Green river, a branch of the Colorado, in lat. 42°, where the caravan held their rendezvous. The Fur Company men in and about the mountains here deposit their furs, and take fresh supplies for the coming year. Parties from four different nations of Indians were at this time assembled there for the purpose of traffic. While at this place, Dr. Whitman performed several surgical operations, such as extracting iron arrows, which excited much amazement among the Indians. They had an interesting interview with several of the chiefs relative to the object of their appointment. The Nez Percé and Flathead Indians present a promising field for missionary labour. This they fixed on as a missionary station; and that another year might not elapse, Dr. Whitman determined to return with the caravan to carry this purpose into effect. Meanwhile, Mr. Parker procured a voyageur who understood a little of English, and the Indian chiefs selected one of their principal young men to convey him to Fort Walla-Walla on the Columbia river.

Aug. 22.—The two travellers parted; one to return to the States, and the other to pursue his route, which was now by the Trois Tetons, three very high mountains separated from the main chain; thence to Salmon river. The scenery is wild, and in many places sublime. Mountains of rock almost perpendicular shoot forth their heads. Great diversity of strata occurs: grey wacke, magnesian limestone, and brown gypsum, prevail; under the bed of the latter is a sulphur spring, sending up about thirty gallons per minute. Norway pine, balsam fir, double spruce, and common poplar, abound; and flax grows here spontaneously, and is perennial, of which the Indians make their nets. The fatigues of travelling were made light by the exceeding kindness of the Indians, who more than anticipated the travellers' wishes. On the 25th, they encamped at a place called Jackson's Large Hole, and recruited for some days. This place is well watered by a branch of the Snake river and Lewis's river, which last is the outlet of Jackson's lake. Springs of uncommon clearness issue from the surrounding mountains. The vale is well supplied with grass, and the horses and mules were compensated for past deprivations. The mountains are covered with wood, while the distance presents the appearance of an immensely large bank of snow, or luminous clouds skirting the horizon. The solitude of these hills and dales will one day be lost in the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks, and the incense of prayer and praise ascend from many altars. On the 31st, passed a volcanic chasm of several miles extent, found lava, volcanic glass, and vitrified stones. Receding from the mountains, the climate becomes warmer, and the way is now through great diversity of soil. Cross Henry's fork. In Coté's defile, they met a band of Nez Percés, and were saluted most kindly by their head chief. At a meeting of the chiefs, and as many as one of the lodges would contain, the object of the mission was explained, which gave them all great joy. On Sunday the 6th, a good interpreter having arrived from Fort Hall, public worship was observed, and between 400 and 500 assembled in an orderly manner, and behaved with great circumspection.

Oct. 3.—No rain had fallen since the 18th July. The water on this side the Rocky Mountains is excellent, and no country can possess a climate more conducive to health. On the Walla-Walla river there is yellow pine cotton wood and willows, and various kinds of shrubbery. Prairie hens and avosets, robins, and other small birds, are plentiful, and crows are everywhere to be seen, and are remarkably tame. Oct. 14, brought them to the Fort of Walla-Walla, and to the enjoyment of civilised society. This settlement is on the south side of the Columbia river, in lat. 46° 2', long. 119° 30'. The establishment have necessities, and many have the conveniences of life. They have cows, hogs, fowls, &c.; and grow corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables. Salmon and other fish are abundant. They keep dry goods and



hardware for barter with the Indians. The journey hither took six months and twenty-three days.

Oct. 8.—The next destination was to Fort Vancouver, 200 miles down the Columbia, and having settled with and discharged the interpreter and Indians, bargained with three of the Walla-Walla tribe to proceed with a canoe. The passage down this river is exceedingly interesting, exhibiting great variety of country, through volcanic mountains, basaltic rocks, fertile valleys, woods, hills and level plains. In this river, which is in some places three miles wide, are several islands capable of bearing good crops. Along its banks the Cayuse, Chenooks, Nez Percés, and other tribes, live in harmony, without feuds or jealousies; which speaks much in favour of their kind and peaceable dispositions, affording another proof of what might be effected by missionary enterprise. Passing Bront Island, Pillar Rock, and the Falls, the tide and the appearance of water-fowl proclaim the approach to the Pacific Ocean. At the lower part of the La Dalles, they found a captain from Boston, with a small company of men, going up the river to Fort Hall. He was an intelligent sociable man, and had the charge of the business of a company formed in Boston, for salmon fishing on the Columbia, and for trade and trapping in the region of the mountains. Some extraordinary phenomena occur in this river. Thousands of trees may be seen standing in their natural position in the river in places where the water is above twenty feet deep, and rising to high or fresher water-mark, which is fifteen feet above the low water. The water being clear, their spreading roots are to be seen in the same condition as when standing in their natural forest, and so numerous are they in many places as to be an obstruction to the canoes. Must not this subsidence have been of recent date? The upheaving of the La Dalles or volcanic rocks, and the many basaltic and other formations on this river, are also subjects of sublime contemplation. Here literally it may be said, the valleys are being exalted, the mountains laid low, and waters spring up in the desert. Seven months and two days had now expired, the fifty-six last days with Indians only. No absolute deprivation of food had been suffered, yet the arrival at Fort Vancouver, and the hospitable attentions of the chief superintendent of that station of the Fur Company, were hailed with grateful consideration. Fort Vancouver is on the north side of the Columbia, on a prairie surrounded with dense woods, interspersed with fertile plains. It is in N. lat. 45° 37', long. 122° 50' West from Greenwich; 100 miles from the Pacific Ocean. About 100 white men form the establishment.

Oct. 17th.—Anxious to visit the Pacific, and return to Vancouver before the rainy season should set in, and having the opportunity of the Boston brig, after one night's rest, Mr. Parker left for St George (Astoria) ninety miles below, and near the confluence of the Columbia with the Pacific. Coffin rock, Deer island, Watapoo island, the mouth of Conalitz river, and Gray's bay, are objects of attraction. Soon the Pacific Ocean opened to the view. "This boundary of the far west," says Mr. Parker, "was to me an object of great interest; and when I looked upon the dark rolling waves, and reflected upon the vast expanse of five thousand miles, without an intervening island until you arrive at the Japan coast, a stretch of thought was required like contemplating infinity, which can measure only by succession its exhaustion and sublimity. Like the vanishing lines of prospect, so is contemplation lost in this extent of ocean."

On this mountainous and iron-bound coast are some tracts of good land; but the country is for the most part covered with the most heavy and dense forest of any part of America. After spending some days at Fort George, which is but a small establishment, where a little business is done with the few remaining Indians, and the winter approaching, the invitation to spend that season at Vancouver was accepted by Mr. Parker, and the return thither was accomplished by the 30th of October.

Here Mr. Parker had the opportunity of observing the character and condition of the Indians, from distant and different parts of the country; and of forming an opinion which course was best to pursue. The settlement christianized, the concomitant expansive benevolence exerted and diffused, then this place would be a centre from which divine light would shine out and illumine this region of darkness. In the society of gentlemen, enlightened, polished, and sociable, the missionary is furnished with every convenience that he desires. This establishment was commenced in 1824. In 1835 they had 450 neat cattle, 100 horses, 200 sheep, 40 goats, and 300 hogs. In the same year they raised 500 bushels of wheat, 1300 bushels of potatoes, 1000 of barley, 1000 of oats, 2000 of peas, and a great variety of garden vegetables.

Fruit, such as apples, peaches, grapes, and strawberries grow, in plenty. Figs, oranges, and lemons, have also been introduced, and grow, with about the same care as in the latitude of Philadelphia; they have a flour and saw-mill, a bakery, shops for blacksmiths, joiners, and carpenters, and a tinner; also an hospital, into which Indians are received.

It is estimated that there are 9,000 white men in the north and in the great west, engaged in trading, trapping, and hunting; and from correct data, it appears recruits, to the amount of one third, are annually required; yet hundreds are willing to expose themselves to hardships, famine, dangers, and death.

Dec. 25.—The holidays are not forgotten in these far distant regions. From Christmas till the New-year all labour is suspended, and a general time of indulgence and festivity commences.

In the far regions beyond the mountains, besides the buffalo, the elk, and the antelope, the big-horn sheep, the white, grisly, brown, and black bear; are to be found also, the racoon, otter, badger, fox, weasel, wolves, wolverins, hares, hedgehogs, squirrels, &c. It is hardly necessary to say that the beaver, so noted for its valuable fur, for its activity and perseverance, its social habits, its sagacity and skill in constructing its village, and preparing its neat and comfortable dwelling, is an inhabitant of this country. In the Columbia are to be found salmon, sturgeon, anchovy, rock-cod, and trout. On the coast the hart, seal, and the sea-otter, are numerous.

The Indians of the plain live in the upper country, from the falls of the Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, the principal tribes of which are, the Nez Percés, Cayuses, Walla-Wallas, Bonax, Shoshones, Spokeins, Flatheads, Cœur de Lions, Ponderas, Cootanies, Kettlefalls, Okanagans, and Carriers. The men are tall, and both sexes are well formed; their hair and eyes are black, their cheek-bones high, their hands, feet, and ankles are small, and their movements are easy and graceful. Their dress is a shirt, worn over long close leggings, with moccasins for their feet, over which they wear a buffalo robe. They are fond of ornaments, and paint their faces with vermilion, &c. Their horses, which are their greatest wealth, they likewise decorate with gaudy trappings. Some chiefs own several hundred, and the poorest have one for each member of their family at least. For subsistence they of necessity depend on hunting and fishing, and gathering roots and berries. Their cookery is simple, and most of their food is roasted.

The habits of the Indians are said to be indolent. As a general remark, it may be true; yet there is little to confirm it among the Indians of the plain. In general characteristics there is no difference between them and other nations. As a part of the human family they have the same natural propensities, and the same social affections. They are cheerful, and often gay, sociable, kind, and affectionate; and anxious to receive instruction in whatever may conduce to their happiness here or hereafter. Their manufactures are few and simple, not extending much beyond dressing skins for clothing, making bows and arrows, and some few articles of furniture. Their cooking utensils are mostly obtained from traders. Their canoes and fishing-nets are constructed with great labour and patience. In religion, they believe in one Great Spirit, in the immortality of the soul, and in future rewards and punishments; their definite ideas of a religious nature, however, are extremely limited.

The Indians west of the great chain of mountains are averse to war, and only act on the defensive, when attacked by the Black-foot tribe; whose country is along the east border of the Rocky Mountains, who rove about in war parties in quest of plunder.

The Indians are not without their vices. Gambling is the most prominent, and is a ruling passion. It is much practised in horse and foot races. They have some games of chance, played with sticks or bones. Drunkenness is no vice of these Indians. The expense of transporting ardent spirit happily keeps back its introduction.

Their moral disposition is very commendable. They are kind to strangers, and remarkably so to each other, and are of happy tempers. They manifest an uncommon desire to be instructed, that they may obey and fulfil all moral obligations. They are scrupulously honest in all their dealings, and lying is scarcely known. Having no education, they are ignorant of all the sciences; but in hunting, war, and in their domestic concerns, they manifest observation, skill, and intellect. Their arithmetic is entirely mental. They count with different words up to ten, then by tens to one hundred, and so on to a thousand by hundreds. They reckon their years by snows, their months by

moons, and their days by sleeps. They are fond of singing, and have flexible sweet-toned voices.

The Indians of the lower country are those between the shores of the Pacific and the falls of the Columbia river, and from Paget's Sound to Upper California. The principal nations are the Chenoeks, the Klicatsats, the Callapooahs, and the Umbaquis, who are divided into many tribes. Each nation has its principal chief. They are rather below the middle stature, not so well formed as those of the upper country, and their women are uncouth. They have less sensibility, physical and moral, and are as degraded as those on the frontier of the States, and from the same causes. By their intercourse with those who furnish them with the means of intoxication, and who have introduced kindred vices, they have become indolent and filthy in their habits. They do not dress so well nor with as good taste as those of the upper country. Their religious belief does not materially differ. Among their vices they carry gambling to perfection. After they have lost everything they possess, they stake themselves: first a hand, then the other, an arm, and in the same manner, piece by piece, the whole body, and at last the head; and if they lose this, they go into perpetual slavery. It is only in the lower country of the Oregon territory, and along the coast, that slavery exists. Smoking is a universal indulgence amongst them. Although less anxious than the upper, the lower Indians yet express a readiness to receive instruction. Their wealth is estimated by the number of their wives, slaves, and canoes. Their manufactures are nearly the same as those of the upper Indians, with the addition of hats and baskets, of uncommonly good workmanship, made of grass equal to the Leghorn.

The government of the Indian nations is in the hands of chiefs, whose office is hereditary, or obtained by special merit. Their only power is influence, and this is in proportion to their benevolence, wisdom, and courage.

March 1.—There are now indications of spring. The mildness of the climate, and the soft temperature of the season west of the mountains, render it one of the most delightful portions of the American continent. The farming establishment of Fort Vancouver has commenced the cultivation of their spring crops; the gardener is preparing his ground for the seeds. The robin and the blackbird resume their cheerful warblings in the fields and groves. During the winter the thermometer has not fallen below 22 degrees of Fahrenheit, and to this point only for three days. At this date it stood at sunrise 37 degrees; noon 46; and at sunset 44.

In the course of the winter Mr. Parker's time was devoted to the moral and religious improvement of the inhabitants at the Fort, and of the Indians in the vicinity, and in collecting information relative to the object of his tour.

April 14.—The season being now favourable, he prepared for his return. Having exchanged farewells with his friends, for whose liberal and generous conduct towards him he records his grateful acknowledgments, he took his passage in the canoe of an Indian chief, and arrived at Walla-Walla, after a severe struggle against the winds and the currents of the river, but without accident. He stopped here a fortnight, improving the opportunity among the Indians, visiting the perpendicular walls, 300 feet high, through which the Columbia descends, and such other of the singular formations with which this country abounds as the time would admit.

On the 9th of May he recommenced his journey, and pursued the same course as he came last autumn. Having been several months where the Indians of the lower country came daily under his observation, the contrast between them and the natives of the upper country is very noticeable. The former are more servile and abject, both in their manners and spirit; while the latter are truly dignified and respectable in their manners and general appearance, far less enslaved to their appetites, or to those vices whose inevitable tendency is to degrade. They know enough to set some estimate upon character, and have much of the proud independence of freemen; and are desirous of possessing a consequence in the estimation of other people, and for this reason, no doubt, wish to be taught, and they receive any instruction for their benefit with remarkable docility.

Mr. Parker visited Colville, the highest post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia, about 700 miles from the Pacific. He also had an excursion in the steamboat Beaver, from Vancouver down the Columbia. The novelty of a steam-boat on the Columbia awakened a train of prospective reflections upon the probable changes which would take place in these remote regions in a very few years.

The Columbia is the only river of magnitude in the Oregon territory, and is navigable for ships only 130 miles to the cascades; and it is the only one which affords a harbour for large ships on the coast from California to the 49th degree of North latitude. For bateaux and light craft the Columbia and its branches are navigable a thousand miles.

Mr. Parker having explored the most important parts of the territory, and gained all the information within his reach; having ascertained the practicability of penetrating with safety any, and every, portion of the vast interior, and the disposition of the natives in regard to his mission among them, he bethought him of the most expeditious mode of returning. He availed himself of the offer of a passage in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, to proceed to Oahu in the Sandwich Islands, hoping that a speedy opportunity would present to return to the United States. This voyage, of 2500 miles, was performed in 16 days. He was detained in the Sandwich Islands from July to December, when engaging a passage for New London, he set sail, made land on the 17th of May, and on the 23rd reached his home at Ithaca, New York.

Mr. Parker is a determined and persevering friend of the Indians of this extensive territory, and while he strongly deprecates the parcelling out of their country by the British and American governments, he earnestly recommends them to the enlightened philanthropy of their more civilised fellow-men. The future condition of this noble race—whether or not the Indians are to pass away before the increasing power and numbers of white men—is a question which now attracts attention, and invites investigation.

#### WALPOLE'S REASONS FOR LIKING LONDON.

WE are all familiar with the fact of Johnson's extreme partiality for London, and London life. But he was far from being singular in this. The state of internal communication rendered access to the country difficult, and the want of rapid and varied intercourse rendered it extremely dull; so much so that, to a person used to the comforts concentrated in the capital, the country was but another word for something dismal and horrid. This the following extract from Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann testifies; and it also shows that the "west end" of London was just beginning to spread out, and instead of an almost endless accumulation of streets and squares, houses were only scattered here and there:

"Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity—plums in a vast pudding of country. Well! it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but recipe cccxv—drachm. London. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis. The worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head. A journey to take—ay! they talk over the miles to you, and tell you you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, John always goes two hours in the dark in the morning to avoid being one hour in the dark in the evening! I was pressed to set out to-day before seven: I did before nine: and here I am arrived at a quarter past five for the rest of the night! I am more convinced every day that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practical society—I had almost said, not a virtue.—I will only instance in modesty, which all old Englishmen are persuaded cannot exist within the atmosphere of Middlesex."

#### DEFINITION OF A COOK.

In the *English Housewife* the qualifications of a cook are thus described:—

"First, she must be cleanly both in body and garments; she must have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and ready ear; she must not be butter-fingered, sweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted; for the first will let every thing fall, the second will consume what it should increase, and the last will lose time with too much niceness."



## MRS. TIGHE.

THIS amiable and highly gifted lady was not known to the world during her lifetime, but her poetic character was established by the posthumous publication of her beautiful poem of "Psyche;"—a poem which displays the exquisite delicacy of thought, purity of spirit and grace of expression, so essentially those of a woman,—a noble-minded and a loving woman. The nature of the subject chosen by Mrs. Tighe may to some appear questionable; to such she has herself, in a preface to a private impression circulated among her friends before her death, given an admirable exposition of her ideas.

"In making choice," she says, "of the beautiful ancient allegory of 'Love and the Soul,' I had some fears lest my subject might be condemned by the frown of severe moralists; however, I hope that if such have the condescension to read through a poem, which they may perhaps think too long, they will yet do me the justice to allow, that I have only pictured innocent love, such love as the purest bosom might confess. 'Les jeunes femmes, qui ne veulent point paraître coquettes, ne doivent jamais parler de l'amour comme d'une chose où elles puissent avoir part,'\* says La Rochefoucault; but I believe it is only the false refinement of the most profligate court which could give birth to such a sentiment, and that love will always be found to have had the strongest influence where the morals have been the purest."

The melancholy hours of a long protracted illness were soothed by the composition of the poem, in which the trials of faithful love are portrayed in an allegory, founded on the old fable of Cupid and Psyche, as told by Apuleius. A strictly critical eye will discover some want of skill in the adaptation, and taste may be offended by the sudden change from classic to gothic imagery; but such is the charm of the fine nature which breathes a pure life throughout the poem, that these faults, and occasional weakness of expression, arising chiefly from the difficulty of fully mastering Spenserian verse, are forgotten; and in contemplation of the loveliness of Psyche, we see no imperfection in the verse which celebrates her toils:

"For she was timid as the wintry flower,  
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,  
Droops its fair head submissive to the power  
Of every angry blast that sweeps along,  
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong  
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood  
It levels low."

Allegorical writing has not found much favour in recent times, and there is reason for the discouragement it has met with. It is difficult, and to judge from the examples hitherto presented to us by the very best writers, almost impossible, fully to embody the author's conceptions when this style is adopted. Inconsistencies, nay even absurdities, will force themselves in, and mar the harmony of the fable; and when the great master on whose model Mrs. Tighe moulded her tale,—when Spenser himself has so often failed, it is not surprising that his follower has sometimes stumbled. But "with all its faults," Psyche is so exquisite an illustration of the purest and most enchanting feeling which it is permitted to man to experience,—a feeling too often debased,—too often despised,—too often doubted and misunderstood; a feeling whose very existence many "of the earth, earthy," affect to deny; but whose influence, when rightly felt, gives us a glimpse of heaven,—a glimmering view through the half open gates of paradise,—that we would fain recall this exquisite poem from the oblivion into which we fear it has fallen, and would recommend it to every woman, as affording through a charming, a delightful medium, the moral lessons best calculated to ensure her happiness in that state in which alone her nature can be perfected,—in a happy marriage.

\* "No young woman, who does not wish to be accounted a coquette, should ever speak of love as what she can possibly be interested in."

"Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt  
At the soft thrilling voice, whose power you prove  
You know what charm unutterably felt  
Attends the unexpected voice of Love:  
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,  
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,  
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;  
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels  
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals."

The poem opens with a description of Psyche in her solitary wanderings:

"Much wearied with her long and dreary way,  
And now with toil and sorrow well-nigh spent,  
Of sad regret and wasting grief the prey,  
Fair Psyche through untrodden forests went,  
To lone shades uttering oft a vain lament;  
And oft in hopeless silence sighing deep,  
As she her fatal error did repent,  
While dear remembrance bade her ever weep,  
And her pale cheek in ceaseless showers of sorrow steep.

'Mid the thick covert of that woodland shade,  
A flowery bank there lay undressed by art,  
But of the mossy turf spontaneous made;  
Here the young branches shot their arms athwart,  
And wove the bower so thick in every part,  
That the fierce beams of Phœbus glancing strong  
Could never through the leaves their fury dart;  
But the sweet creeping shrubs that round it throng,  
Their loving fragrance mix and trail their flowers along.

And close beside a little fountain played,  
Which through the trembling leaves all joyous shone,  
And with the cheerful birds sweet music made,  
Kissing the surface of each polished stone  
As it flowed past: sure as her favourite throne  
Tranquillity might well esteem the bower,  
The fresh and cool retreat have called her own,  
A pleasant shelter in the sultry hour,  
A refuge from the blast and angry tempest's power.

Wooed by the soothing silence of the scene,  
Here Psyche stood."

Leaving the weary Psyche to repose on the bank, the poet relates her story up to the time at which she is introduced to us, adhering pretty closely to the fable of Apuleius. We are told how the surpassing beauty of the royal virgin raised the jealousy of the Queen of Love, who found her fanes deserted, and the homage due to her transferred to Psyche. She calls her son, and bids him to revenge her:

"Deep let her drink of that dark bitter spring,  
Which flows so near thy bright and crystal tide,  
Deep let her heart thy sharpest arrow sting,  
Its tempered barb, in that black poison dyed."

Cupid obeys, and bearing the waters of Sorrow, he flies to the couch where Psyche lay sleeping:

"A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,  
Sweet severed lips! while thus your pearls disclose,  
That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip  
The cruel presage of her future woes!  
Lightly as fall the dews upon the rose,  
Upon the coral gates of that sweet cell  
The fatal drops he pours; nor yet he knows,  
Nor, though a god, can he presaging tell  
How he himself shall mourn the ills of that sad spell!

Nor yet content, he from his quiver drew,  
Sharpened with skill divine, a shining dart:  
No need had he for bow, since thus too true  
His hand might wound her all exposed heart;  
Yet her fair side he touched with gentlest art,  
And half relenting on her beauties gazed;  
Just then awaking with a sudden start,  
Her opening eye in humid lustre blazed,  
Unseen he still remained, enchanted and amazed.

The dart which in his hand now trembling stood,  
As o'er the couch he bent with ravished eye,  
Drew with its daring point celestial blood  
From his smooth neck's unblemished ivory;  
Heedless of this, but with a pitying sigh  
The evil done, now anxious to repair,  
He shed in haste the balmy drops of joy  
O'er all the silky ringlets of her hair;  
Then stretched his plumes divine, and breathed celestial air."

Psyche, who has been troubled with "a dream of mingled terror and delight," reveals her cares to her mother; the oracle is consulted, and it is decreed that "on nuptial couch, in nuptial vest arrayed," Psyche should be placed upon the summit of a rock, from whence she should be borne by "a winged monster of no earthly race." The oracle is obeyed, but no monster appears, and the Zephyrs waft Psyche to the Island of Pleasure:

"When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,  
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;  
'Psyche, approach! dismiss thy timid fears,  
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,  
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;  
For thee the palace rose at his command,  
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;  
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,  
Prompt every wish to serve, a fond obedient band.'"

Thus the day passes over the wondering Psyche's head; all her wants ministered to by unseen hands. At eve "a downy couch arose," and the "hymeneal strain" is sung by heavenly voices:

"The expiring lamps emit a feeble ray,  
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie;  
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,  
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,  
But softly rustling sounds proclaim some Being nigh."

He speaks, she recognises the voice of the beloved:

"'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprint  
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,  
The blushing maid exclaimed; and on his breast  
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.  
But, ere the breezes of the morning call  
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,  
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall,—  
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,  
While Sleep his downy wings had o'er her eye-lids spread."

But "inevitable fate pursues her to the bowers of happiness," and discontent takes possession of her soul; she is troubled by the concealment of her lover, and she longs once more to behold her mother's face. Forcing, at length, from Love an unwilling consent, the Zephyrs bear her back to her father's hall. Her envious sisters plot her ruin, and persuading her that her lover is a foul magician, forced to conceal his frightful form in darkness, place a dagger and a magic ring in her yet uncertain hands, and urge her to unveil the mystery, and strike the monster dead. She complies, and returning to her isle on the gentle wings of the soft-breathing Zephyrs, proceeds to execute her fatal purpose.

At night she conceals a lamp, and when

"Allowed to settle on celestial eyes,  
Soft Sleep exulting now exerts his sway,"

Psyche arises, and brings forth the light:

"Ah! well I ween that if with pencil true,  
That splendid vision could be well expressed,  
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew  
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,  
When Love's all potent charms divinely stood confessed."

"Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,  
Long Psyche stood with fixed adoring eye;  
Her limbs immoveable, her senses tost  
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,

She hangs enamoured o'er the deity.  
Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls  
The fatal lamp—He starts—and suddenly  
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,  
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls."

Cupid can no longer shield her from the vengeance of Venus, and she is condemned to wander exiled from him, till she has reached the bowers of perfect happiness, and reared there an altar to the offended goddess, and on the altar placed an urn "filled from immortal Beauty's sacred spring." In the midst of her toilsome wanderings, the poem opens. Cupid, disguised as a knight, his celestial features concealed by his helmet, now comes to her assistance; and under his guardianship she escapes the snares successively spread for her by the passions and follies which beset mankind. At length, all dangers being triumphantly overcome by the aid of Love and his attendant Constancy, she reaches the bowers of Happiness, and gains the urn of Beauty.

"Scarce on the altar had she placed the urn,  
When lo! in whispers to the ravished ear  
Speaks the soft voice of Love! "Turn Psyche, turn!  
And see at last, released from every fear,  
Thy spouse, thy faithful knight, thy lover here!  
From his celestial brow the helmet fell,  
In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms appear,  
Beaming delight and love unspeakable,  
While in one rapturous glance their mingling souls they tell."

"Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,  
In momentary flash their beams unite,  
Shedding but one inseparable blaze  
Of blended radiance and effulgence bright,  
Self lost in mutual intermingling light;  
Thus in her lover's circling arms embraced,  
The fainting Psyche's soul by sudden flight,  
With his its subtlest essence interlaced!  
Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced!"

Such is the plan of this elegant poem, and the extracts we have made will enable the reader to form some idea of the grace and tenderness of its execution. The volume contains several minor poems, all bearing traces of the delicate taste which dictated "Psyche." We would willingly quote several of these, but must rest content with one, which is all our limits will enable us to insert. A melancholy interest is attached to it;—it was the last work of the author.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON, WHICH FLOWERED  
AT WOODSTOCK, DEC. 1809.

"Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm  
With fragrance premature;  
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,  
Almost to hope allure:  
Methinks with purpose soft ye come  
To tell of brighter hours,  
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,  
Her sunny gales and showers."

"Alas! for me shall May in vain  
The powers of life restore;  
These eyes that weep and watch in pain  
Shall see her charms no more.  
No, no, this anguish cannot last!  
Beloved friends, adieu!  
The bitterness of death were past,  
Could I resign but you."

"But oh! in every mortal pang  
That rends my soul from life,  
That soul which seems on you to hang  
Through each convulsive strife  
Even now, with agonising grasp  
Of terror and regret,  
To all in life its love would clasp  
Clings close and closer yet."

"Yet why, immortal, vital spark!  
Thus mortally oppress?  
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,  
And bid thy terrors rest;  
Forget, forego thy earthly part,  
Thine heavenly being trust:—  
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart  
Still shuddering clings to dust.

"Oh ye! who soothe the pangs of death  
With love's own patient care,  
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,  
Still pour the fervent prayer:—  
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye  
No more, nor voice my ear,  
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,  
And shed the pitying tear;

"Whose kindness (though far, far removed)  
My grateful thoughts perceive,  
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,  
My last sad claim receive!  
Oh! do not quit your friend forget,  
Forget alone her faults;  
And speak of her with fond regret,  
Who asks your lingering thoughts."

It is to be regretted, that so little is known of the private history of Mrs. Tighe. Surely the life of such a woman, whose virtues and talents alike adorned her, would supply many traits of interest, and many lessons of profit. Our information is too scanty. We have no means of knowing more concerning her than that she was the wife of an Irish gentleman of ancient family, Henry Tighe, Esq., of Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny. The composition of poetry served to console the tedious hours of distressing and painful illness, which lasted for six years, and was borne with patience and submission. She died at Woodstock on the 24th of March, 1810, in the 37th year of her age. "Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted this scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer."

## LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

LUTHER'S "Table Talk" was published about twenty years after his death, by an editor, who stated that he had been often with Luther during the two last years of his life; and having taken notes of much which he had heard the great reformer utter, and being aided by the notes of another person, he had made up this collection of his sayings. A large portion of the work is of very apocryphal character. It was translated into English by a Captain Henry Bell, who tells a long and strange story respecting his procuring a copy of the book, and his translation of it. Two members of the Assembly of Divines, to whom, in 1646, it had been referred, by the House of Commons, to make a report on the translation, stated that they had found in it "many excellent and divine things," but also "withal many impertinent things—some things which will require a grain or two of salt, and some things which will require a marginal note or preface." On this, the House of Commons, whose sanction and authority had been asked for the publication, refused, and it was published as a private speculation in 1652.

"No man," said Luther, "can calculate the great charges God is at only in maintaining the birds and such creatures, which in a manner are nothing, or of little worth. I am persuaded," said he, "that it costeth God more yearly to maintain the sparrows alone, than the whole year's revenue of the French king! What then shall we say of the rest of his creatures?"—*Luther's Table Talk*, p. 158.

This is a specimen of the absurdity which is often attempted to be passed off as wisdom, under the stamp of a great name. To reason after this fashion is to measure God by ourselves, and thus to lower our conceptions of the might and majesty of his character. All our ideas of the Deity must be relative, and drawn from what we see and know; but how sublime and simple is the Psalmist's image, "Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good!" There is no idea of exertion involved—nothing about *costing* God any thing.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN WILKES.

ONE of the most amusing things in that amusing and unique work "Boswell's Johnson," is the account given by the vivacious Scotchman, of how he contrived to get up an interview and acquaintance between Dr. Johnson and John Wilkes. "My desire," says Boswell, "of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson, and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each: for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person."

The manner in which Boswell contrived the meeting was as follows:—"My worthy booksellers and friends," says he, "Messrs. Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some other gentlemen, on Wednesday May 15 [1776]. 'Pray,' said I, 'let us have Dr. Johnson.' 'What! with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world!' said Mr. Edward Dilly. 'Come,' said I, 'if you let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well.' 'Nay,' said Mr. Dilly, 'if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here.'

"Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, 'Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?' he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered—'Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch!' I, therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: 'Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next, along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly, and will wait upon him.' BOSWELL. 'Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you?' JOHNSON. 'What do you mean, sir? what do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?' BOSWELL. 'I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him.' JOHNSON. 'Well, sir, and what then? what care I for his patriotic friends? Poh!' BOSWELL. 'I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there.' JOHNSON. 'And if Jack Wilkes should be there, what is that to me, sir! My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely, to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally.' BOSWELL. 'Pray forgive me, sir; I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes for me!' [The sly dog.] Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed."

Boswell, to his mortification, and the apparent failure of his artifice, found Johnson, on the day appointed, busily employed in "buffeting his books," covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "'How is this, sir!'" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. 'Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's—it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams.'" Boswell had some difficulty in overruling this arrangement; and at last had the satisfaction of hearing Johnson roar out to his black servant, "Frank, a clean shirt!" "When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green."

Boswell watched Johnson in Dilly's drawing-room. "I kept myself snug and silent, and observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, 'Who is that gentleman, sir?'—'Mr. Arthur Lee.' JOHNSON. 'Too, too, too,' (under his breath), which was one of his habitual murmurings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a patriot, but an American. 'And who is the gentleman in lace?'—'Mr. Wilkes, sir.' This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to



restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat, and read."

Dinner was announced; and Wilkes contrived to seat himself beside Johnson. "No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. 'Pray, give me leave, sir—it is better here—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon; perhaps, may have more zest.' 'Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir,' cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of surly virtue, but in a short while of complacency."

For the rest of the table talk we must refer to the 'Life'; it is enough that Wilkes completely triumphed, and sent the 'Rambler' home full of good-nature; and bustling Boswell had the satisfaction of hearing Burke pronounce his scheme a "successful negotiation," and that "there was nothing equal to it in the whole history of the *corps diplomatique*." Some time afterwards, Johnson thus spoke of Wilkes:—"Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes, we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman. But after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in his company. He has always been at me. But I would do Jack a kindness, rather than not. The contest is now over."

John Wilkes was the son of an eminent distiller in St. John-street, Clerkenwell, London, where he was born Oct. 28, 1727. His father's house was noted for hospitality, and was the resort of many eminent characters in the commercial and political world. Early intercourse with such society gave to Wilkes the literary turn of mind by which he was so soon distinguished. He had the rudiments of his education at Hertford, was afterwards placed under a tutor in Buckinghamshire, by whom he was attended to the university of Leyden, where he became soon known for his ability. When he returned in 1750, he married Miss Mead, a rich heiress of Buckinghamshire.

Wilkes's first appearance in public was on the occasion of the general election in 1754, when he offered himself for Berwick, but was unsuccessful. He took his seat for Aylesbury in 1757, and was again returned in 1761.

John Stuart, the third earl of Bute, had the charge, or virtual direction, of the education of George the Third; and when his pupil ascended the throne in 1760, he maintained his influence over his mind. The secret influence of the favourite was the cause of the retirement of Pitt—the "great Earl of Chatham,"—from office, and shortly afterwards, of breaking up the existing cabinet. Lord Bute was made first lord of the treasury, or prime minister, in 1762, an office which he did not hold above ten months. The period, however, was one of extraordinary political excitement. Lord Bute was one of the most unpopular ministers that ever held office. He professed the doctrine that ministers were not really the executive government, but literally only the official servants or instruments of the king; and by thus endeavouring to govern in the name of the king alone, he arrayed against himself and his feeble cabinet a powerful opposition amongst the great families in the country, as well as the nation at large.

There was a paper called the 'Briton,' in the interest of ministers; and Wilkes projected an opposition to it, which he called the 'North Briton,' a weekly periodical, which lasted from June 5, 1762, to Nov. 12, 1763. Churchill, the poet, "spendthrift alike of money and of wit," was employed by Wilkes to contribute to the pages of the 'North Briton'; and the character of the periodical was like that of its two principal writers, bold, careless, witty, clever, and profligate.

It was No. 45 of the 'North Briton' which was the cause of Wilkes being brought so prominently before the public, and becoming for a time one of the most popular political characters this country has produced. The particular cause of offence was a cutting comment on a speech made by the king to parliament; it would pass unnoticed in the present day, but at that time the publication of debates in parliament had not yet been tacitly sanctioned, and the pungent violence of Wilkes so exasperated ministers, that they proceeded against him in a summary way. In doing so, they were the cause of raising and settling an important constitutional question.

A "general warrant" (one in which the names of the parties to be arrested are not specified) was issued for the apprehension of

Wilkes, with a verbal order to enter his house, break open his repositories, seize and carry away his papers, and arrest his person. On the occasion of his apprehension, he saved his partner Churchill, very adroitly. Whilst the officers were in the room, Churchill entering, Mr. Wilkes accosted him, "Good morning, Mr. Thompson, how does Mrs. Thompson do to-day;—does she dine in the country?" Churchill thanked him, said, "she waited for him;" and directly taking leave, went home, secured all his papers, and retired into the country.

Wilkes loudly protested against the illegality of general warrants, and stoutly resisted the authority of the messengers; and it was not till threatened with force that he went before Lords Halifax and Egremont, the secretaries of state, who committed him to the Tower, where for three days his friends were denied access to him. He appeared in the Court of Common Pleas by *habeas corpus*, where the judges unanimously pronounced the warrant illegal, and he was discharged. He was triumphantly cheered, and in the evening his victory was celebrated by bonfires, illuminations, &c. The printers who had been taken up under the general warrant, brought actions against the messengers that arrested them, and recovered heavy damages.

On Mr. Wilkes's return home from the Court of Common Pleas, he sent the following letter to the secretaries of state.

"Great George Street, May 6, 1763.

"My Lords,

"On my return home here from Westminster Hall, where I have been discharged from my commitment to the Tower, under your lordships' warrant, I find that my house has been robbed, and am informed that the *stolen goods* are in the possession of one or both your lordships. I therefore insist that you do forthwith return them to, your humble servant,

"JOHN WILKES.

"To the Earls Egremont and Halifax."

And the next morning actually went in person to the house of Sir John Fielding in Bow-street, and demanded a warrant to search their houses. In the course of the day he received an answer to his letter.

"Great George Street, May 7, 1763.

"Sir,

"In answer to your letter of yesterday, in which you take upon you to make use of the indecent and scurrilous expressions of your having found your house had been robbed, and that the *stolen goods* are in our possession; we acquaint you that your papers were seized in consequence of the heavy charge brought against you for being the author of an infamous and seditious libel. We are at a loss to guess what you mean by *stolen goods*; but such of your papers as do not lead to a proof of your guilt shall be restored to you; such as are necessary for that purpose, it was our duty to deliver over to those, whose office it is to collect the evidence, and manage the prosecution against you.

"We are your humble servants,

"EGREMONT—DUNK HALIFAX."

To this Wilkes returned a very animated reply, concluding, "I fear neither your prosecution, nor your persecution; and I will assert the security of my own house, the liberty of my person, and every right of the people,—not so much for my own sake, as for the sake of my English fellow-subjects."

When parliament met, the Chancellor of the Exchequer produced the papers against Wilkes and laid them on the table, and the forms having been gone through, Wilkes spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker,—I think it my duty to lay before the House a few facts which have occurred since our last meeting; because, in my humble opinion, the rights of all the Commons of England and the privileges of Parliament have, in my opinion, been highly violated. I shall at present content myself with barely stating the fact, and leave the mode of proceeding to the wisdom of the House. On the 30th of April, in the morning, I was made a prisoner in my own house by some of the king's messengers. I demanded by what authority they had found their way into my room, and was shown a warrant in which no person was named in particular, but generally the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable paper entitled the *North Briton*, No. 45. The messengers insisted on my going before Lord Halifax, which I absolutely refused, because the warrant was, I thought, illegal, and did not respect me. I applied by my friends to the Court of Common Pleas for a *habeas corpus*, which was granted; but at

the proper office, which was not then open, it could not immediately issue. I was afterwards carried by violence before the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, whom I informed of the orders given by the Court of Common Pleas for the *habeas corpus*; and I enlarged upon this subject to Mr. Webb, the solicitor to the Treasury. I was, however, hurried away to the Tower by another warrant, which declared me the author and publisher of a most infamous and seditious libel, entitled the North Briton, No. 45. The word *treasonable* was dropped, yet I was detained a close prisoner, and no person was suffered to come near me for almost three days, although my counsel and several of my friends demanded admittance in order to concert the means of recovering my liberty. My house was plundered, my bureaux broken open, by order of two of your members, Mr. Wood and Mr. Webb, and all my papers carried away. After six days' imprisonment, I was discharged by the unanimous judgment of the Court of Common Pleas, that the privileges of this House extended to my case. Notwithstanding this solemn decision of one of the king's superior courts of justice, a few days after, I was served with a subpoena upon an information exhibited against me in the King's Bench. I lost no time in consulting the best books, as well as the greatest living authorities, and from the truest judgment I could form, I thought that the serving me with a subpoena was another violation of the privileges of parliament, which I will neither desert nor betray, and therefore, I have not yet entered an appearance. I now stand in the judgment of the House, submitting with the utmost deference the whole case to their justice and wisdom: and beg leave to add, that if, after this important business has in its full extent been maturely weighed, you shall be of opinion, that I am entitled to privilege, I shall then be not only ready, but eagerly desirous to waive that privilege, and to put myself upon a jury of my countrymen."

In the debate, Mr. Martin, the secretary to the treasury, complained that the author of the North Briton had stabbed him in the dark. The same evening, Wilkes in a most insulting note thus concludes, "To cut off every pretence of ignorance as to the author, I whisper in your ear, that every passage in the North Briton, in which you have been named, or even alluded to, was written by your humble servant." This produced an immediate challenge; they met in Hyde Park, when Mr. Wilkes was severely wounded, and with an excess of honour gave Mr. Martin back his letter, that nothing might appear against him in case of his death.

The North Briton involved Wilkes in several personal quarrels, and among others he had a hostile meeting with Lord Talbot, which terminated without damage. When fit to be removed after his duel with Mr. Martin, he proceeded to Paris, and exiled himself nearly four years. In the mean time a message was sent to Parliament to proceed against him, and after a violent debate he was expelled, and No. 45 of the North Briton was ordered to be burned, which being attempted in front of the Royal Exchange, it was rescued by the mob with the scorching of a corner only. The Attorney-general also proceeded against him in the King's Bench for reprinting No. 45 of the North Briton. He was convicted and fined on two verdicts in the sum of 1000*l.*, and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Not appearing, he was outlawed. Part of his time abroad he employed in travelling in Italy. He returned to London in 1768, and in defiance of the tipstiffs, he offered himself to represent the city, but failed in the election. However, he immediately proceeded to Brentford, and was chosen member for Middlesex. The crowd assembled, was greater than ever was known, and it was remarked that no freeholder was intoxicated, and no violence of any sort committed; Brentford was illuminated, and the people on their return obliged London and Westminster to illuminate also. Some rioting occurred in consequence, but nothing serious happened. He shortly after surrendered to the King's Bench to suffer the sentence imposed on him; and in his confinement there seemed almost a contention amongst the public, who most should serve and celebrate him. Devices and emblems of all descriptions ornamented the trinkets conveyed to his prison. Every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis, and he swung upon the sign-post of every village of every road in the environs of London. Gifts were daily heaped upon him, and it is said that 20,000*l.* were raised in a comparatively short time, to pay his debts and his fine, part of the money coming from various places in England, America, and the West Indies. He had an important triumph in having a

verdict with 4,000*l.* damages against Lord Halifax, for false imprisonment and seizure of his papers in respect of the general warrants; and a like verdict with 1,000*l.* damages against Mr. Wood, secretary to the treasury. One important result of the struggle was, that general warrants were declared to be illegal by resolutions of both houses of Parliament.

Wilkes had the good luck, so to speak, of becoming the representative of several important questions. Following that of general warrants, came another, in which the people took an intense interest. When the new Parliament met, a crowd assembled round the King's Bench prison (there being a general impression that Wilkes would be allowed to take his seat), to conduct him in triumph to the House of Commons. The Riot Act was read, the people refused to disperse, the military were called out, one man was killed on the spot, and several wounded, some of them mortally. Coroners' inquests returned verdicts of wilful murder against the military, and several of the soldiers were tried; the government thanked the justices of Surrey, and granted free pardons to those who had been convicted; and Wilkes published an indignant commentary on the conduct of the government, in which he called the affair a "horrid massacre." For this publication, and for his previous conduct, the House of Commons once more declared him incapacitated from sitting in Parliament. He was triumphantly re-elected, and his election was declared null and void; a third time he was re-elected, and though his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, had only 296 votes, while Wilkes had 1143, the House sustained the election of the former.

This was, in fact, a struggle between the people and the House of Commons—a struggle which greatly helped to evolve that spirit of bold political discussion, generated by the extraordinary party strife and aspect of affairs at the time. The ferment caused by the repeated elections and rejections of Wilkes agitated the kingdom; and made him appear a martyr to the violated rights of the British people.

During his imprisonment, Wilkes caused himself to be proposed as a candidate to fill a vacancy in the office of alderman in the city of London. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, a deputation undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed a hope that he would at least wait till a more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the sense of the ward." "With all my heart," cried Wilkes, "and I will take the nonsense, and beat you ten to one!" He was of course elected.

Shortly after he regained his liberty, he was involved, in his capacity of alderman, in a new contest. The officers of the House of Commons were ordered to take certain printers into custody, for publishing the debates; and three of them being apprehended, were brought before the Lord Mayor Crosby, and Aldermen Wilkes and Oliver, who not only released the printers, but bound them over to prosecute the messengers for assault and wrongous imprisonment. Crosby and Oliver were sent to the Tower; and the clerk of the city was ordered, at the table of the House of Commons, to tear out the leaves of the register on which the judgment of the magistrates was recorded. But Wilkes refused to obey the summons of the house, unless he were permitted to take his seat as member for Middlesex. The whole affair created tremendous excitement. The matter was allowed to drop; and from that time the debates have been regularly published.

In 1771, Wilkes was chosen sheriff; and it was he who first opened the galleries of the Old Bailey to the public. The city in 1772 presented him with a rich silver cup, embossed with the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Being again returned for Middlesex, he was allowed to take his seat without opposition. For a number of years he made an annual unsuccessful motion to have the record of his expulsion expunged from the journal of the House of Commons.

Wilkes gradually became in politics, as he expressed it himself, "an exhausted volcano." He rose to the highest civic honours, having been Lord Mayor in 1775, and elected Chamberlain in 1779. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; and was at one time Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia. He received the thanks of the Privy Council for his activity during the riots of 1780. He died in his 71st year.

## MR. WALTER HAMOND'S "PARADOX."

In the account of Madagascar, in No. II. mention is made of Mr. Walter Hamond's "Paradox, proving that the inhabitants of Madagascar are the happiest people in the world." The great object of Mr. Hamond is to induce the people of England, by a tempting report of the riches, fertility, and fine climate of Madagascar, to colonise it; and so he goes in this roundabout way to accomplish his purpose. Praising the *nakedness* of the natives, he thus mourns over the evil propensity which leads people to wear clothes:—

"As for ourselves, we are compelled (so miserable and poor we are) to be beholden to the unreasonable creatures for our raiment, robbing one of his skin, another of his wooll, another of his hair,—may not so much as the poor worme doth escape us, whose very excrements we take to cover us withall, while they, in the mean time, are nothing beholden unto us. Was nature a mother to them, and a stepdame to us? No; but as a kind and loving mother, she hath sufficiently provided for us. It is our own luxurious effeminacy that hath stripped us of our natural simplicity, and clothed us with the raggies of dissimulation. Let us consider the natural beauties of all the plants, fruits, and flowers: they have no artificial coverings, yet they so far exceed man in beauty and magnificence (the lily in particular, truth itself hath spoken it) that Solomon in all his royalty was not arrayed like one of these."

So far, Master Hamond; and just observe how he misapplies Scripture to clinch his nonsense! For "Truth itself," as he justly phrases it, did not bid us observe the "lilies of the field," for the purpose of inducing us not to care for raiment at all; but his words were addressed to those to whom was committed the great work of first propagating Christianity, in order to inspire them with that spirit of divine faith, which would lift them above anxious care about the necessities of life; and, doubtless, in a modified sense, they are applicable to Christians in all time. If Master Hamond had gone a little farther in his quotation, he would have confuted himself,—"*Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?*"

Hamond was a surgeon, and therefore must have been, so far, an educated man; how could he utter nonsense which goes to the root of all trade and commerce—of nearly all that binds civilised society, or gives *life* to existence? Recollect, that nonsense was uttered two centuries ago—in 1640,—and 1839 is a somewhat different period. But let us try him again. Here he quotes the old stuff about Diogenes. The natives of Madagascar, he says, "have not so many superfluous things as we have, and therein they are happy. When Diogenes came by chance into a fair, and saw so many toys and baubles to be sold, he brake out into these words: 'O how happy am I that have no want of any of these things!' And upon a time, to show how despicable unnecessary things are, he threw away his dish, because he saw another lap water out of the hollow of his hand."

Diogenes was a conceited fool, that thought himself a wise man; yet there was a dash of the rogue in him, too. He went about Athens, "dressed in a coarse double robe, which served him as a cloak by day and a coverlet by night; and he carried a wallet to receive alms of food. His abode was a cask in the temple of Cybele. In the summer he rolled himself in the burning sand, and in the winter clung to the images in the street covered with snow, in order that he might accustom himself to endure all varieties of weather." But a far profounder philosopher than Diogenes told him that he saw his pride through his rags. Let us, however, return to Madagascar and Master Hamond. He has rather a shrewd hit here. Of the natives he says,

"We think them fools because they give us an ox for a few red beads. But suppose that they should see us give the price of twenty oxen for one white stone of the same bignesse, would not they laugh at our extreme folly? yet, when it is bought, they will not give you a calabash of milk for it."

We may dismiss Master Hamond, and his "Paradox," with one extract more. The "golden age" of which he here speaks, has been, in all time, a "Paradise of fools." The true golden age has yet to come.

"The golden age so much celebrated by ancient writers, was not so called from the estimation or predominance that gold had in the hearts of men, for in that sense, as one said wittily,—

'This may be truly call'd the age of gold:

For it both honour, love, and friends, are sold;

but from the contempt thereof. Then love and concord flourished;

then rapine, theft, extortion, and oppression, were not known; which happy age these people at this present enjoy. But when men began to dig into the bowels of the earth, to make descents as it were down into hell to fetch this glittering ore from the habitations of devils and terrestrial goblins, with it came up contention, deceit, lying, swearing, theft, murder, and all the seven capital sins; as pride, covetousness, wrath, gluttony, and the rest; so that we must needs confess that it had been happy for us if gold had never been known."

## BANISHMENT OF THE FAIRIES.

"There never was a merry world since the fairies left dancing, and the parson left conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good in a country as a justice of peace."—*Selden—Table Talk.*

This holds true of a country in a *transition* state, when superstition, which kept the people in awe, is breaking up, and a diffusion of knowledge has not come to supply its place.

Chaucer complains that even in his time the fairies had lost their ground:—

"In old time of the king Arthur,  
Of which that Britons speken great honour  
All was this land fulfilled of faerie;  
The elf queen, with her joly company,  
Danced full oft in many a grene mead,  
This was the old opinion, as I rede—  
I speake of many hundred years ago,  
But now can no man see no elves mo.  
For now the great charity and prayers  
Of limitours [begging friars] and other holy freres,  
That searchen every land and every stream,  
As thick as motes in the sunne-beam,  
Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens, and boures,  
Cities and burghes, castles high and towers,  
Thropes and barnes, sheep-pens and dairies,  
*This maketh that there ben no fairies.*  
For there as wont to walken was an elf,  
There walketh now the limitour himself."

The limitour derived his name from being *limited* to beg within a certain district.

Sir Walter Scott, who quotes the above in his "Demonology," also quotes a ballad written by Dr. Corbet, who was bishop of Oxford and Norwich in the beginning of the 17th century. "A proper new ballad, entitled the Fairies' Farewell, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow by the learned; by the unlearned to the tune of Fortune:

"Farewell, rewards and fairies,  
Good housewives now may say,  
For now foul sluts in dairies  
Do fare as well as they;  
And though they sweep their hearths no less  
Than maids were wont to do,  
Yet who of late for cleanliness  
Finds sixpence in her shoe?  
"Lament, lament, old abbeyes,  
The fairies' lost command:  
They did but change priests' babies,  
But some have changed your land,"

"By which we note the fairies  
Were of the old profession,  
Their songs were Ave Marias,  
Their dances were procession.  
But now, alas! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas;  
Or farther for religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease."

"We almost," says Sir Walter Scott, "envy the credulity of those who, in the gentle moon-light of a summer night in England, amid the tangled glades of a deep forest, or the turfy swell of her romantic commons, could fancy they saw the fairies tracing their sportive ring. But it is in vain to regret illusions which, however engaging, yield their place before the increase of knowledge, like shadows at the advance of morn. These superstitions have already served their best and most useful purpose, having been embalmed in the poetry of Milton and Shakspeare, as well as writers only inferior to these great names."



## HISTORY OF TRANSPORTATION.

THE following sketch of the "Origin and History of Transportation," is taken from a recent Parliamentary Report made by a Committee appointed to inquire into the system of Transportation, and its efficacy as a punishment:—

"The punishment of transportation is founded on that of exile, both of which are unknown to common law. Exile, according to the best authorities, was introduced, as a punishment, by the Legislature in the 39th year of Elizabeth; and the first time that transportation was mentioned was in an act of 18 Charles I. c. 3, which empowered the judges to exile for life the moss-troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland, to any of his Majesty's possessions in America. The punishment, authorised by this act, is somewhat different from the one now termed transportation, inasmuch as the latter consists not only of exile to a particular place, but of compulsory labour there. It appears, however, to have been the practice at an early period to subject transported offenders to penal labour, and to employ them as slaves on the estates of the planters; and the 4 Geo. I. c. 11, gave to the person who contracted to transport them, to his heirs, successors, and assigns, a property and interest in the service of such offenders, for the period of their sentences. The great want of servants in the colonies was one of the reasons assigned for this mode of punishment, and offenders were put up to auction, and sold by the persons who undertook to transport them, as bondsmen for the period of their sentences. Notwithstanding, however, the dearth of labourers, many of the colonies, especially Barbadoes, Maryland, and New York, testified their disinclination to have their wants supplied by such means; and the opinion of Franklin, as to the letting loose upon the New World the outcasts of the Old, is too well known for your committee to repeat it. With the war of independence transportation to America ceased. Instead of taking that opportunity for framing a good system of secondary punishments, instead of putting in force the provisions of the 19 Geo. III. c. 74, by which parliament intended to establish in this country the penitentiary system of punishment, the government of the day unfortunately determined to adhere to transportation. It was not, however, deemed expedient to offer to the colonies, that remained loyal in America, the insult of making them any longer a place of punishment for offenders. It was determined, therefore, to plant a new colony for this sole purpose; and an act was passed in the 24th year of George the Third, which empowered his Majesty in council to appoint what place, beyond the seas, either within or without his Majesty's dominions, offenders shall be transported; and by two orders in council, dated 6th December, 1786, the eastern coast of Australia, and the adjacent islands, were fixed upon. In the month of May, 1787, the first band of convicts departed, which, in the succeeding year, founded the colony of New South Wales.

"To plant a colony, and to form a new society, has ever been an arduous task. In addition to the natural difficulties arising from ignorance of the nature of the soil and of the climate of a new country, the first settlers have generally had to contend with innumerable obstacles, which only undaunted patience, firmness of mind, and constancy of purpose, could overcome. But whatever the amount of difficulties attendant on the foundation of colonies, those difficulties were greatly augmented, in New South Wales, by the character of the first settlers. The offenders who were transported in the past century to America, were sent to communities, the bulk of whose population were men of thrift and probity; the children of improvidence were dropt in by dribblets amongst the mass of a population already formed, and were absorbed and assimilated as they were dropped in. They were scattered and separated from each other; some acquired habits of honest industry, and all, if not reformed by their punishment, were not certain to be demoralised by it. In New South Wales, on the contrary, the community was composed of the very dregs of society; of men proved by experience to be unfit to be at large in any society, and who were sent from the British gaols, and turned loose to mix with one another in the desert, together with a few task-masters, who were to set them to work in the open wilderness; and with the military, who were to keep them from revolt. The consequences of this strange assemblage were vice, immorality, frightful disease, hunger, dreadful mortality, among the settlers; the convicts were decimated by pestilence on the voyage, and again decimated by famine on their arrival; and the most hideous cruelty was practised towards the unfortunate natives. Such is the early history of New South Wales.

"The present condition of a transported felon is mainly determined by the 5th Geo. IV. c. 84, the Transportation Act, which authorises her Majesty in council "to appoint any place or places beyond the seas, either within or without her Majesty's dominions," to which offenders so sentenced shall be conveyed; the order for their removal must be given by one of the principal Secretaries of State. The places so appointed are, the two Australian colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; the small volcanic island, called Norfolk Island, situated about 1000 miles from the eastern shores of Australia, and Bermuda. Seventy-five thousand two hundred convicts have been transported to New South Wales since its settlement in 1787; on the average of the last five years 3544 offenders have been annually sent there; and the whole convict population of the colony, in 1836, amounted to 23,254 men and 2577 women; in all, 27,831. Twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine convicts have been sent to Van Diemen's Land since the year 1817; the number annually transported there on the average of the last five years is 2078; and the convict population in 1835 was 14,914 men, and 2054 women; in all, 16,968. At Norfolk Island the number of convicts, most of whom had been re-transported for offences committed in New South Wales, was, in 1837, above 1200; and at Bermuda, the number of convicts does not exceed 900.

"The 5 Geo. IV. c. 84, likewise gives to the governor of a penal colony a property in the services of a transported offender for the period of his sentence, and authorises the governor to assign over such offender to any other person. The only other imperial statutes with regard to transportation which ought to be mentioned are, the 30 Geo. III. c. 47, which enables her Majesty to authorise the governor of a penal colony to remit, absolutely or conditionally, a part or the whole of the sentences of convicts; the 9 Geo. IV. c. 83, which empowers the governor to grant a temporary or partial remission of sentence; and the 2 & 3 Will. IV. c. 62, which limits the power of the governor in this respect. No reference need be made to other statutes, which merely determine for what crimes transportation is the punishment. In New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land convicts are subjected to a variety of colonial laws, framed by the local legislatures, established under the New South Wales Act, 9 Geo. IV. c. 83."

## CHARM FOR CRAMP.

SUPERSTITION.—Coleridge gives us an amusing instance of how long superstition will hold its ground, even after the *spirit* has clean gone out of it. The following *charm for cramp* was doubtless often repeated in perfect faith, though now it sounds to us very ludicrous and profane-like:—

"When I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation in the time of Edward the Sixth. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus,—

'Foot, foot, foot, is fast asleep,  
Thumb, thumb, thumb, in spittle we steep:  
Crosses three we make to ease us,  
Two for the thieves and one for Christ Jesus.'

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

'The devil is tying a knot in my leg,  
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it I beg:  
Crosses three,' &c.

And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor; and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds.

"I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side, but I cannot say I ever tried it for that."

## A REASON WITH A SLIT IN IT.

A WOMAN of decent appearance came one day into a stationer's shop and desired to purchase a pen, for which she paid a penny. On receiving it she returned it, with the observation that it was good for nothing. Another was given her, but she gave this also back again, with the same remark. On being asked what fault she had to find with them—"Why how," she returned, "could they possibly be good for anything when both had a slit at the end?"

## STATISTICS OF LONDON.—POPULATION.

In the reign of Henry II. London contained 40,000 inhabitants. In that of William III. the number was 674,000; George III., 676,000; ditto, 1801, 1,097,000; ditto, 1811, 1,304,000; George IV., 1821, 1,574,000; William IV., 1831, 1,860,000. Of this population, there were within the bills of mortality, in 1821, 660,578 men, and 768,007 women, being 38 women to 33 men. Of this number, according to the census, 8,855 families were agriculturists, 199,902 mechanics, and 116,834 of other professions. Allowing four persons to each family, there were 800,000 persons of the industrious class, and 464,000 without any particular useful profession. In 1836, amongst this great population, there were 60 bankers, 1,680 stock-brokers, 300 physicians, 580 chemists, 1,180 surgeons, 131 notaries, 1,150 lawyers, 1,560 merchants, 3,480 commercial agents, 2,100 bakers, 1,800 butchers, 200 brewers, 4,300 public-house keepers, 3,900 tailors, 2,800 shoemakers, 390 hatters, 200 curriers, 520 architects, builders, &c. But the number of persons attached to each of these professions is about ten times that of the masters. There are 16,502 shoemakers, without including the apprentices; 14,552 tailors; 19,625 carpenters and joiners; in all 450 different sorts of businesses. In 1836 there were 207 hotels, 447 taverns, 557 coffee-houses, 5,975 public-houses and beer-shops, 8,649 gin palaces, and 15,339 various shops. From 1744 to 1800, during the period of 56 years, the deaths in London exceeded the number of births by 267,000, being on an average annually a loss of 4,800 persons. Whilst from 1801 to 1830, during a space of 30 years, the births exceeded the deaths by 103,975, or on an average 3,600 per annum.—*The Mirror*.

## SPELLING.

The Woods of Lancashire are a distinguished family for character, wealth, and talent; the eldest son, John Wood, has been returned member of parliament for Preston several times, and proved himself a steady supporter of civil and religious liberty. A laughable circumstance once took place upon a trial in Lancashire, where the head of the family, Mr. Wood, sen., was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the judge, addressing the reverend person, said, "Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" The old gentleman replied—

"O double T  
I double U  
E double L  
double U  
double O D."

Upon which the astonished lawgiver laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life, and, after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it.—*Gardiner*.

## TURKISH CEMETERIES.

There is nothing more striking perhaps about a Turkish town or village, than the extent of burying-grounds attached to them, and the great disproportion in number which the mansions of the dead bear to those of the living. Not that it is difficult to account for this peculiarity in a country where the practice is never to disturb a grave, but to assign to each pilgrim his own resting-place; so that we can see the tombs of many departed generations, while one only of the living requires lodgings at a time, and the same tenements may serve for many successive tenants. But the multitude of these memorials of the dead seen collected together, and outnumbering so ominously the signs of life and population, cannot fail to impress the beholder very forcibly with thoughts of the myriads who have passed away—who have gone the road we must all follow; in short, of the exceeding frailty of human existence, and that "in the midst of life we are in death." At this place (Eskew) the burying-grounds exhibited a singular spectacle, disposed as they were upon the brow of certain rising grounds above the village; for as every grave was marked with a slender upright white stone, on the top of which a turban is sometimes rudely indicated, or some verses from the Koran are inscribed, they looked in the beams of the rising sun just like the remains of some young plantation that had been suddenly blasted, and the withered rain-bleached stumps of which alone remained.—*Fraser's Winter Journey*.

## DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF VEGETABLES UPON DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

The Botanical Professor, in a lecture delivered at King's College, said that "Horses will not touch cruciferous plants, but will feed on reed grasses, amidst abundance of which goats have been known to starve; and these latter again will eat and grow fat on the water hemlock, which is a rank poison to other cattle. In like manner, pigs will feed on henbane, while they are destroyed by common pepper; and the horse, which avoids the bland turnip, will grow fat on rhubarb."—*Farmer's Magazine*.

## THE TRUE USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

I make not my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves; I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavors there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacies among my honoured friends.—*Sir T. Browne*.

## RECREATIONS.

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer as against statutes; physician as against health; divine as against conscience.—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States*.

## EXPENSE OF A SEVENTY-FOUR GUN SHIP.

1. A regular 74 gun ship takes 3,000 oaks to build her. These trees would require one hundred acres of land for their growth, and would be nearly a hundred years in coming to maturity. Three thousand oaks would timber a thousand cottages, for as many industrious families, and this would be a rational purpose for employing oak timber.—2. The yearly expense of a 74-gun ship in commission is about eight times as much as the salary of the president of the United States; yet our president, with his enlightened views of our foreign policy, is a far better security for the preservation of peace, than any battle-ship we can send to sea.—*American Paper*.—3. How many thousand ships has England sent to foreign countries to spread devastation and death? The money expended in building, equipping, and supporting one of these, would be sufficient, with the Divine blessing, to convey Christianity, with its civilising effects, to hundreds of thousands of people.—*Williams's Missionary Enterprises*.

## GILT BUTTONS.

Looking at the brilliant appearance of a gilt button, the substance of the gold which covers it is by no means obvious to us; but when it is proved that five grains of gold, worth 15d., will gild 144 buttons an inch in diameter, the amazing ductility of the metal no longer surprises us, and we can easily credit that its thickness does not exceed more than the 214,000th part of an inch in the coarser branches of this manufacture.—*Newspaper Paragraph*.

## SAYINGS FROM THE TALMUD.

When Esop in answer to the question put to him by Chilo, "What God was doing?" said "that he was depressing the proud and exalting the humble," the reply was considered as most admirable. But the same sentiments are to be found in the Mishnah; though expressed, as usual with the Jewish writers, in the form of a story, it runs thus:—"A matron once asked Rabbi José, 'In how many days did God create the world?' 'In six days,' replied the Rabbi, as it is written, 'In six days God made the heavens and the earth.' 'But,' continued she, 'what is he doing now?' 'Oh I!' replied the Rabbi, 'he makes ladders on which he causes the poor to ascend, and the rich to descend,' or, in other words, he exalts the lowly, and depresses the haughty." There were discovered on the fragments of an ancient tombstone, Greek words to the following purpose:—"I was not, and I became; I am not, but shall be." The same thought is expressed in the following reply of Rabbi Gabiha to a sceptic. A freethinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "Ye fools who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? how then can you believe that the dead shall live?" "Silly man!" replied Gabiha, "thou believest in a creation—well then, if what never before existed, exists; why may not that which once existed, exist again?"—*Goodhue's Lectures on Biblical Literature*.

## GOODNESS.

It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse; it is a part of badness not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the spark, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodness I should, it is not too much; why should I make it less? If I keep the goodness I have 'tis not enough: why do I not make it more? He never was so good as he should be; that doth not strive to be better than he is: he never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worse than he was.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes*.

## NEGOTIATION BEFORE A WAR.

Two nations, or most likely two governments, have a dispute; they reason the point backwards and forwards; they cannot determine it; perhaps they do not wish to determine; so, like two carmen in the street, they fight it out; first, however, dressing themselves up to look fine, and pluming themselves on their absurdity. Just as if two carmen were to go and put on their Sunday clothes, and stick a feather in their hats besides, in order to be as dignified and fantastic as possible. They then "go at it," and cover themselves with mud! blood! and glory! Can anything be more ridiculous? Yet, apart from the habit of thinking otherwise, and being drummed into the notion by the very toys of infancy, the similitude is not one atom too ludicrous; no, nor a thousandth part enough so.—*Leigh Hunt*.

## VANITY A FOE TO AGREEMENT.

For Pope's exquisite good sense, take the following, which is a masterpiece:—"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but mere vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell really what it amounts to." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow, if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantel-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER AND CO. Dublin: CURRY & CO.—Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars.